

NEW AND BETTER DAYS

AT the close of the Quebec Conference President Roosevelt again spoke stirring and uplifting words to the world. "There is a longing in the air," he said. "It is not a longing to go back to what they call 'the good old days.' I would rather believe that we can achieve new and better days. I am everlastingly angry only at those who assert vociferously that the Four Freedoms of the Atlantic Charter are nonsense because they are unattainable. Those people, if they had lived a century and a half ago would have sneered and said that the Declaration of Independence was simply piffle. If they had lived nearly a thousand years ago they would have laughed uproariously at the work of Magna Carta. I would rather be a builder than a wrecker, hoping always that the structure of life is growing, not dying."

A Clear Vision of the Future

New and better days are the hope and dream of all men of good will as we enter the fifth year of war. We have turned our back on days of want and misery in which the ordinary man struggled merely to keep alive. We have decided that the future for all men everywhere shall have something of the warmth of friendship, good food, and enjoyment. It is this hope that maintains men at this critical phase of the war when a clear vision of the future is needed. From the Citadel of Quebec, where a great expanse of the lands of the new world spreads outwards, this vision has been given a name. It is the high name of New and Better Days—a name which might well be held plainly before our eyes as we step forward now.

BUT new and better days do not come by statesmen's speeches alone. Those speeches must be translated into common action, and one of those actions must be the invention of sane and workable relations between the nations. Whatever the faults of the League of Nations were, the ideal of the League still remains as the biggest attempt man has yet made for the nations to live together in friendship. The great white palace of the League still stands in Geneva as a reminder of all that the League was, and hoped to be. In Montreal its great partner, the International Labour Office, continues to work for the welfare of the world's workers. Those two institutions stood for new and better days among the nations. All that they hoped to achieve was never accomplished. But to many they still enshrine a way of life for the nations. It may be that during this fifth year of war a great new working plan for a new League of Nations may be evolved and so provide mankind with a new practising ground for all its hopes of new and better days.

The World Family

New and better days depend, too, on how the separate nations order their own affairs and provide their own people with life, health, and security. Here in Britain we have been given a great vision of the abolition of want and the provision of a minimum security for all people. It is an honest and practicable attempt to do what many have thought to be impossible. Words, speeches, and dreams have been shaped into a plan which, if we all want it, may become a reality. It will be the free choice of a free people—a democratic triumph, and that triumph will inspire other people too. What Britain

does in re-ordering its life is bound to affect the peoples of the earth. In these islands we must make dreams about better days become accomplished facts, and vague hopes working plans. For the depressed poor of the Balkans, the outcasts of India, the subsistence farmers of the Asiatic plains, the diseased and persecuted of the great European cities—all come within the plans of the world family when it hopes for new and better days. Many members of the family must be helped and stimulated in their plans and arrangements. A great responsibility rests on Britain to see that this is done.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's colleague, Mr Henry Wallace, the Vice-President of the United States, has summed up all this longing for new and better days by saying that "the century on which we are entering can be and must be the century of the common man." It is to be a time not of the privileged few but of privileges for all; special rights are to give way to common rights. It will be a great new democratic era in which democracy flowers in all lands. There are millions of common men in every country waiting to be active citizens of the new era. It is bound to dawn because truth and righteousness, although they may suffer setbacks, cannot finally be extinguished. They are the foundation of new and better days. They are the bulwarks of the century of the common man.

Century of the Common Man

All this demands, however, that the common man shall be a new man. There must be, in the words of the great Apostle Paul, a casting off of the old man and his ways. Selfishness, greed, envy, hatred, and strife must depart from individual people as well as from nations. Unless that happens we cannot expect new and better days, or that the century of the common man will be a fairer, finer era than the old century. It does matter how we live individually and how we treat our neighbours in our street. The world begins there for us. New and better days will depend ultimately upon a new practising of Christianity in everyday affairs when the power of great crises and the appeal of vast events have passed. The English mystic George Herbert caught something of this meaning in his lines:

*A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.*

THE century of the common man will depend not only upon high ideals and great applause for great speeches, but upon great actions in small affairs. We shall need new men and new women as well as new plans and methods. For without men to match the methods we cannot expect new and better days. Man's soul must keep pace with his physical achievements. If one outpaces the other then the claims of self-interest creep to the front and lofty hopes decay for want of men to go on believing in them. We must be on the alert against falling into that danger by not only talking about new and better days, but by believing in them and working for them.

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ALL HANDS TO THE HARVEST

Animals With Wings

THE CN recently told of a cow being flown in a bomber from Sicily to Cairo. Now comes news of a little black donkey called Lady Moe which flew to England in a Flying Fortress, the crew of which had bought her from some Arabs in North Africa. They even fitted her with an oxygen mask. Lady Moe will always have something to bray about.

Both cow and donkey, however, were probably unwilling air passengers, and the first animal we have heard of who really

likes flying is Salvo, whose master is with the U.S.A.A.F. in Britain. Salvo not only takes regular flights, but also makes many a parachute jump, earning extra bones by bringing dispatches down from some 1500 feet and making perfect landings.

Salvo really has taken kindly to the air, on several occasions; and in case any readers of Peter Puckish mind should ask the question, we say at once that he is not an Airedale, or a Skye terrier!

FISHING STORY

AS ancient as Cleopatra's, remarked a friend of the CN as he sadly pushed aside his plate of fish. He had bought them as fine fresh fish, just in from sea, but so incredibly briny were they that they must have been kept throughout a protracted voyage steeped in salt in the trawler's hold.

Our friend was consoled by the recollection that a greater man than he was less innocently beguiled by fish which were equally unacceptable.

Mark Antony, seeking to distinguish himself as an angler at Alexandria in the presence of Cleopatra and her court, arranged that when he threw in his line his servants should secretly attach fish to the hook for him to pull in triumph to the bank.

The laughing Cleopatra detected the cheat, and in turn sent in her servants, who neatly placed on the hook fish that proved, on being landed, both salt and ancient.

The Fortress Breached

WHEREVER we look in Europe the prospect appears bleak for Hitler, while away in the Far East events are shaping which will thrust back his allies, the treacherous Japanese, from their far-flung outposts.

Italy, Hitler's first ally, has capitulated. The war-weary people on her mainland are welcoming our forces in the same way as did the Sicilians.

Here on the toe of Italy the gallant Eighth Army and their brave comrades in arms from Canada have had the honour, which was their due, of being the first to step on the shores of the Continent and make the first breach in Hitler's Fortress of Europe.

Shielded by the Allied Air Force and supported by the guns and toiling seamen of the British Navy, General Montgomery and his men landed practically unopposed and within a few hours were in control of forty miles of the Calabrian coast. It was an excellent beginning, superbly planned. At the same time Allied bombers from North Africa pounded airfields and railways as far north as Trento and Bolzano, through which all reinforcements from Greater Germany must come.

Berlin and other cities in the heart of Germany, too, have been attacked without respite from this island, while airfields, industrial areas, and transport in France and other German-occupied countries have been raided every day.

Pétain Will be Put on Trial

THE French Committee of National Liberation have decided that the man who handed France over to Hitler shall answer for it at the bar of impartial justice. Philippe Pétain, 87-year-old Marshal of France, defender of Verdun, but collaborator with the New Order of Nazidom, is to face his trial.

The Committee have agreed "to assure, as soon as circumstances permit, the action of justice with regard to Marshal Pétain, and those participating in the pseudo-Government formed by him, which capitulated, struck at the Constitution, collaborated with the enemy, delivered French workers to the Germans, and made the French forces fight against the Allies or against the French who continued the struggle."

THE SHIELD OF FAITH

When Italy entered the war Malta had no fighter aircraft, and the defence of the island fell to three Gladiators borrowed by the R.A.F. from the Fleet Air Arm. These old biplane fighters were christened Faith, Hope, and Charity, and daily they took off to intercept enemy bomber formations. Later, the defences were reinforced with a few Hurricanes, but the Gladiators still went into battle, and in due course Hope and Charity fell victims. Faith survived.

Now this last of the Gladiators has been presented to the people of Malta, and as Air Vice-Marshal Sir Keith Park said in making the presentation, "The defence of Malta can justifiably be included among the epics of this war, and Faith has earned a place of honour in the armour of Malta."

Hitler has been kept guessing where the next Allied blow will fall, but he cannot now have any doubt at all that the Russians can come on and on. Their progress south of the upper waters of the River Dneiper has been stupendous, and it must have been a sore blow for Hitler when Taganrog, which had withstood assault so long, fell. With its fall must have passed all his hopes of oil from the Caucasus.

But this progress of the Red Armies in the south means much more. It means that the Russians are recovering their important industrial area of the Donetz Basin with its network of railways so valuable for future advance.

So cleverly planned are the various Russian thrusts over the 600-mile-front south of the Smolensk region that their enemy is being forced to spread out his reserves instead of building up a powerful counter-attack. There is, indeed, a strong belief that Hitler's only hope of saving his armies for a time will be to retire behind the River Dnieper—unless Marshal Stalin is too quick for him. Away in the South-west Pacific, Lae and Salamaua, the main Japanese bases in New Guinea, have been surrounded, American and Australian paratroops leading the way.

Many excuses have been made for Pétain. Despite what was known of his character and outlook, his gloomy and narrow attitude towards his fellow-citizens, and his open admiration for Fascism in all its forms, Frenchmen turned to him in their millions when their armies were struck down. Pétain, who had saved France at Verdun 23 years before, would save her again. They did not know how—but somehow.

What Philippe Pétain did for France is truthfully set out above, but, it may be urged, the Marshal is an old and feeble man. Yet he was not too old and feeble to bind his country hand and foot three years ago and deliver her to the foe. The free world will be interested to hear his explanation.

The Freedom of the Press

At the recent conference of the Institute of Journalists in London the president, Mr Gordon Robbins, made it plain that the profession adopted the slogan: "When peace comes Press control must go." The relations of journalists with external authority continued to be excellent; nevertheless, as Mr Robbins put it: "On our journalistic road we prefer the free-wheel of responsible independence to the automatic brake of official restriction."

Certainly no responsible journalist favours the control of the Press, although something might be made of the idea that editors of newspapers should concede to Government departments the right to make statements as to their plans, while retaining their full right to criticise any official statement made.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

SPEAKING at Harvard University last week, where he received the degree of Doctor of Laws, Mr Winston Churchill spoke highly of the League of Nations idea.

Reginald McKenna, who has passed away at 80, was a distinguished statesman and economist who had been First Lord, Home Secretary, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and since 1919 Chairman of the Midland Bank.

All workers engaged in forestry duties are to receive the same soap allowance as agricultural workers.

JAPAN has lost 2,500,000 tons of shipping since Pearl Harbour, a third of her total merchant fleet.

Canon William Longhurst, the oldest Old Boy of Marlborough College, has died just before his 105th birthday.

Our lifeboatmen have saved 5283 lives during four years of war.

Some schoolchildren in Hythe during their summer holidays raised £25 by collecting and drying stinging nettles for medicinal purposes; they have spent the money on helping Hythe prisoners of war.

King Peter of Yugo-Slavia has sent £30 to the Aid to China Fund.

The great LMS locomotive works at Crewe celebrates its centenary this year.

THE defence of Sicily cost the Axis nearly 1700 aeroplanes—1100 captured on the ground, and 591 shot down in combat.

Two of our biggest building societies, The Abbey Road and the National Society, propose to amalgamate in the New Year: the Abbey Road has assets of about £49,000,000 and the National nearly £33,000,000, so that between them the resources will exceed £80,000,000.

It is expected that more than £2000 will be given to the patriotic funds of New Zealand as a result of the sale of produce taken from 2½ acres at earthquake-reclaimed inner harbour area, Marewa, Napier.

Since September 1939, fifty million letters have been dealt with by the Red Cross at Geneva.

Youth News Reel

SERGEANT JOHN DUNCAN ALLEN, who was awarded the George Medal for risking his life in the rescue of an officer who slipped down the edge of a cliff, was a Scout at Wivenhoe.

In recognition of the help which the 18th Streatham Scout Troop are giving to their local Fire Guards, a dance has been organised by the Fire Guards in aid of the Scout Troop Funds.

The Catholic Boy Scouts' Association in Italy, dissolved by order of Mussolini in 1927, is to be reinstated, and will soon be full and officially-recognised activity.

Patrol Leader Bernard Carr, of the 20th Gateshead Scout Troop, has been making "Braille" maps for members of the Gateshead Blind Social Centre by drawing several maps and pricking the coastline and towns with a sharp point.

The Boys' Brigade Cross for Heroism has been awarded to 14-year-old Alfred Shaw of the 3rd Grimsby Company for his bravery and presence of mind, leading to the rescue of his family from their bombed home.

Stalin Restores the Russian Church

MARSHAL STALIN has taken a very remarkable new step which has nothing at all to do with the war. He has received the three chief leaders of the Russian Orthodox Church, from Moscow, Leningrad, and the Ukraine, and agreed to their proposals to elect a new Patriarch of Moscow as head of the Russian Church and to reconstruct its Holy Synod.

Why this permission is specially remarkable is because Pobedonostzeff, the chief official of the Holy Synod in the days preceding the last war, was a cruel persecutor of the rising spirit of freedom which eventually shook off the chains of Tsarist tyranny. A politician rather than a priest, he was a savage persecutor of the Jews and other religious and racial minorities in Russia. It was due to him and to the monk Rasputin that the Russian Church came to stand for repression and hatred of freedom, and the consequence was the anti-religious movement in the early days of Bolshevism.

This Godless Movement, as it was called, upset many Russians who still held strong religious views, though at the same time they were loyal to the New Russia, and indeed stoutly maintained that the Church should not interfere in politics. Stalin has been very wise about these people. He has never allowed

religious or racial persecution in Russia, and has viewed with disfavour any attempt to interfere with public worship even by means of ridicule. Russians, he has declared, are to be free to go to their various churches or stay away, just as they please.

The permission to reconstitute the Holy Synod takes matters a step farther. The Russian Church, once immensely powerful in politics, was stripped of every vestige of political power under Soviet rule. The Holy Synod was dissolved because it was a political force. Its reconstruction does not mean that political power of any kind will be restored to this body, but, on the contrary, that Stalin is satisfied that the Church leaders, who have shown the greatest loyalty and devotion to their country since the war with the Nazis began, may be relied upon to do sincere work of vital importance to the rebuilding of Russian economic and cultural life.

A YOUNG LAND ARMY?

THE suggestions made recently by Lord Trent that every schoolboy and girl should spend some time on a farm before or after leaving school is one of which more is likely to be heard. Agriculture, as he pointed out, was still our greatest industry in the pre-war years in spite of the national neglect which had reduced the numbers of its workers by 280,000 in less than 20 years. The war has made even the town-dweller conscious of the importance of agriculture, and if the lesson is not to be forgotten the barriers of mutual ignorance that formerly separated city and country must be broken for good.

During the war thousands of children have worked on farms

and learned something about country life that they will never wholly forget. Some of them will remain on the land. The others will be all the better for their experience, and as they grow older will not be deaf to the claims of agriculture. We imagine that greater understanding of the farmer's life and problems is what Lord Trent had in mind.

Something in the nature of a Farm Cadet Corps, organised as an offshoot of the Boy Scouts, or of the secondary and public schools, might prove of direct value to the nation for many seasonal jobs, and to the children themselves such holidays would offer opportunities of service as educative as enjoyable.

Penicillin

It will be remembered that a few months ago it was revealed that a new drug named Penicillin, which strongly affects maleficent bacteria, had been discovered. We are sorry to say, however, that owing to war needs, supplies of this drug for the treatment of individual patients are short.

Output on an increased scale is being made both here and in America, but in both countries it is improbable that enough to meet private needs will be ready for some time to come.

Bright Prospect For Colour Photographs

The Royal Photographic Society is holding its splendid 83th annual exhibition, and it is of great interest to note the opinion of an official of the Society that colour photography will be common after the war at reasonable prices.

The hope is expressed that the increase in cost over ordinary photography may not exceed 25 per cent. If this is realised, an even wider future will open to photography.

No COLOUR BAR

In dealing with a fight caused by white soldiers addressing an offensive remark to two coloured soldiers, Sir Gervais Rentoul, the West London Police Court magistrate, pointed out the other day that there was no colour bar in Great Britain, and that the coloured people concerned were serving and doing their bit; they had their rights and must be treated properly and decently; that was the whole basis on which our civilisation and our Empire rested.

Unfortunately, we hear too often of the colour bar in practice. Thus Mr L. Constantine, the famous West Indian cricketer, is reported to have been made a victim at a London hotel, and he himself says that when he and his wife went to live at Nelson, in Lancashire, diggings were at first hard to get. Mr Constantine said he was pleased to add that this racial prejudice was not what it was a few years ago. When he first came here he was discouraged, and said to his wife, "We are going home and shall not come back." However, she said, "Let's stick it out." "Thank God we did," was his last word.

AT THE END OF HIS TETHER

A HORSE-DEALER in north-west England, whom we will just call Sammy, bought a fine horse and tied it (securely, he thought) to an elder tree on a piece of ground that he uses to try out his new purchases. He then went off to a local picture-house with his wife.

He had not been there very long when the lights went up and the manager appeared on the stage with a request that if Sammy was in the audience the police would be pleased if he would call at their office and claim a horse thought to be his.

Judge Sammy's surprise when he discovered that it was his new horse. It had simply eaten up the tree to which he had tied it and decamped!

PITFALLS FOR PIANISTS

A pianist, raised a laugh at a concert in Hamilton, New Zealand, when, having paid tribute to the fine piano lent by a Hamilton resident, he added: "At a camp concert at which I played recently three of the keys were missing, and at the top of the Warsaw Concerto I fell right into them."

THE IRON DUKE

Zero hour was approaching. It was Tuesday morning, and an assault ship sharing in the final Commando raid on north-east Sicily was fast approaching the shore. The crews were agog with excitement.

At that moment, putting duty before all else, the mess steward went respectfully to the Commando captain and asked for his name so that he might write it on the victualling form.

"Wellington," replied the captain briefly.

"Initials, please," the steward asked.

"The Duke of Wellington," was the reply.

The steward grinned.

"Seriously, please," he said.

The Commando captain pulled at his dark moustache.

"I am serious," he retorted. And he looked it.

Moreover, he was the Duke of Wellington, a young duke living up to the great traditions of the old duke.

BURIED TREASURE

A Canterbury man who was digging up a plot of grass which had not been cultivated for many years found a number of coins, including one issued in the reign of Edward the Confessor.

He also found a heart-shaped silver watch which had been buried so long that the whole of the works had rusted into a solid mass.

The Islands of Vulcan

THE third, and greatest, of the Fascist prisons fell to the Allies when American troops occupied the island of Lipari without opposition. At the same time Stromboli was occupied. Now all the seven principal islands of the Lipari group are in our hands.

In Roman mythology they were called the Vulcaniae Insulae, the islands of Vulcan, blacksmith of the gods, and it was said that the forge of Vulcan lay on the summit of Mount Vulcano. Our word "volcano" is derived from the name of this Roman god.

FOR over half a century the American grey squirrels have made themselves at home in England, but today these "charming yet mischievous rogues," as Mr C. Denton Hornby, MSc, of the Ministry of Agriculture, calls them, are seriously impeding our war-effort. So great have become their depredations that a number of War Agricultural Executive Committees have been directed to take steps for their destruction.

The American grey squirrel was imported at over thirty points in England between 1889 and 1930, chiefly in the London County, the Home Counties, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, and North Wales, and from these it has spread widely.

In his book on the grey squirrel, Mr A. D. Middleton has pointed out that a pair will suddenly appear as far as twenty miles from any previously popu-

HE LAUGHED HIS WAY TO SUCCESS

A great English humorist has passed away within a few days of his eightieth birthday. W. W. Jacobs, who was born at Wapping, was the son of a wharf manager, and spent his early years among longshoremen, barges, and sailors home from sea, and when he turned to writing he found ample scope for his humour in tales of their misadventures and resourcefulness on shore, told in their own salty but eloquent language.

Story after story, book after book, flowed from his pen, and were awaited eagerly and read with delight by a host of people to whom the Night Watchman and many other characters with rolling gait were very real. W. W. Jacobs won success by laughing his way into the hearts of our parents and grandparents, but he remained to the end a quiet modest man, and he will be mourned and remembered.

TORPEDOES OR PORPOISES?

When H.M.S. Tanatside was in the Mediterranean recently the look-out signalled, "Two torpedoes approaching starboard."

Accordingly the ship swung round, but the torpedoes did the same. Finally they turned away and disappeared. The supposed torpedoes were porpoises!

The correspondent who sends us this story has often watched porpoises rubbing themselves against the bow of a ship going at full speed. They seem to have no difficulty in outpacing her.

All these islands were born of volcanic unrest, and Stromboli is still active. But no less violent has been their recent history, for ever since Mussolini rose to power Lipari, the largest island, has been the Fascist "Devil's Island." For over twenty years political offenders have been exiled to this little island 25 miles from Sicily.

For the Yugo-Slavs the capture of these little islands was a signal for some jubilation, for after Yugo-Slavia fell 4000 political prisoners were interned there. It is hoped that many of them will fight for the Allies.

Charming Yet Mischievous Rogues

lated area, and proceed to settle down to be the nucleus of a fresh colony. He tells of the presence of these animals in over thirty counties of England and Wales.

The grey squirrel is almost as omnivorous as the rat, and every section of the farming community suffers from him. The buds and young shoots of almost every tree, together with their bark in bad weather, every kind of fruit, nuts, corn, seeds, the eggs of almost every species of bird—all furnish him with a wide variety of foods, and he does great injury to fruit trees.

The squirrel is so attractive to his own person that one speaks

of destroying him with great reluctance, but the Ministry of Agriculture feels compelled to give instructions for his systematic destruction by shooting or trapping. Shooting is, of course, the more merciful method. As to trapping, perhaps the most successful trap in use is the large wire cage with a sleeve entrance, baited with grain or broken egg, and placed at the foot of trees and near hollow stumps or wood piles.

The British red squirrel does not come under the edict. He is smaller than the American imported animals and is even prettier, with his brownish red coat and his effective decorations of dark red brown, his grey sides and white underparts. The red squirrel is widely distributed in England and Wales, but he does not multiply so fast as his grey cousin from overseas, and is therefore less mischievous.

THE ROMAN WALL IS CRUMBLING

Hadrian's Wall is in danger! The great Roman barrier, which winds its way up hill and down dale for some 70 miles from Tynemouth to the Solway Firth, needs protection—and needs it quickly. Quarrying operations have damaged some parts of the wall, and endangered others.

Archaeologists and many prominent men concerned with the preservation of our ancient monuments have been protesting vigorously, and many appeals have been made to the Ministry of Works. The C.N., in common with all who cherish our great national landmarks, trusts that the Ministry will act quickly, and prevent any further damage to this great outpost of the Roman Empire in Britain which has stood firm against all storm and stress for over 1800 years.

A CAMP FOR MEN ON LEAVE

A camp for 500 men on leave from the British African forces in the Middle East was opened just outside Jerusalem in May.

This holiday camp became at once very popular. It is run by Captain J. H. Barbour, formerly of the East African Service Corps, and the men come from Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika, Basutoland, Swaziland, and Bechuanaland.

The Christians, who form 90 per cent of the men, are much interested in visiting the Holy Places in the city, while the Moslems are attracted to the Mosque of Omar. The camp enables them to perform a veritable pilgrimage.

TONIC FOR TIRED ACRES

THE supplies of phosphate rock now coming from North Africa, as told recently in the C.N., are keeping Britain's 120 fertiliser factories, large and small, at work for 24 hours a day, seven days a week. The amount of fertiliser available for British spring should consequently be much greater than in any previous year.

It is most urgently required, for without phosphates it would have been impossible to grow satisfactory crops again next year on much of our corn land. Heavy crops in four successive years have reduced the fertility of even some of the best wheat lands, and they need a tonic.

DOING HIS BIT

Although over 80, Mr Harry Dallaway, of Herne Bay, works busily all day, under Government contract, making carrier-pigeon baskets for the R.A.F. For over 60 years he has been engaged in making baskets and chairs, and is the last of three generations of his family working at this skilful craft. Mr Dallaway also does a morning newspaper round in his town, and until a few months ago was a keen member of the Home Guard.

FOOD FOR BATTLE

While we do not know the military details of the plans made at Quebec, we do know very definitely that we are *planning for attack*, and that any stocks of food we can accumulate must be held not to increase our rations here, but, as Lord Woolton puts it, "jealously guarded for the great tasks that lie ahead." The campaigns in North Africa and Sicily would not have been possible if we had not had sufficient food stocks to be released to the troops.

Lord Woolton also says that we only maintain with difficulty our very small ration of 1s 2d worth of meat, and next year we shall be even more dependent than before on overseas supplies of meat.

PASTEURISED EGGS

Before long we may have, in addition to pasteurised milk, pasteurised eggs. Experiments are now proceeding with the heat treatment of new-laid eggs to see if it improves their keeping qualities, destroys any bacteria which might be harmful, and does not impair food values.

Experiments carried out in America show that eggs can be heated to a temperature of over 120 degrees Fahrenheit without the whites coagulating (or, more simply, becoming cooked).

The Goose-Stepping Cat

NEAR London's Old Bailey there lives a cat that would have delighted the heart of Dick Whittington. Passers-by the other day saw it, a black beauty with white markings, seated on the pavement some distance from its dwelling, obviously waiting for someone.

Presently appeared the cat's mistress, who affected to scold it for being in a position of such danger. "Home you go, you naughty puss!" she said; and the cat, delighted by her return, was glad to obey. But as he trotted, rubbing against her ankles, she said: "No, that won't do. *March!*

Now, left, right—left, right!"

Thereupon the astonishing animal did march. Raising its feet successively in a high prancing action, it went, in time to its mistress's voice, left, right—left, right!

After a little distance the order ceased, and so did the marching, the cat reverting to its native sinuous trot. Again its mistress gently scolded. "No, no, *March!* Left, right—left, right!" and again the cat marched, with high and disciplined gait, until it reached its home, into which it disappeared, still sedately goose-stepping.



Drum Major
Una Merrix of Banstead
and District W J A C

The EDITOR'S TABLE

A Task For the Peace

THE German author Emil Ludwig, speaking in Montreal the other day, said:

If I were asked for a slogan for the victorious armies entering Berlin it would be, "Don't keep smiling." The victor is a lord, not a friend—a lord who does not smile but commands. A smiling man has no following in Germany.

Therein lies Germany's tragedy—she has forgotten how to smile. There is little to smile at in war, and for too long Germany's main concern has been war and preparing for war. In a country more concerned with living, a gang of upstarts like Hitler and his Nazis would have been ridiculed out of existence before they had a chance to come to power.

One of the biggest tasks of the Peace will be to teach Germany to smile again!

BOMB BOASTER

MANY a sailor in mufti, home after serving through Crete, Malta convoys, and the Mediterranean campaigns, sits quiet and listens politely while a villager retells the story of the night when the bomb fell. His own story of incessant bombing would be much more thrilling, but he belongs to the Silent Service!

That is the great difference between the bomb booster and the battle-tried warrior.

Excellent Official Advertisements

THE nation's thanks are due to the Government departments which, during the war, have been helping the taxpayer and the housewife by publishing really excellent official advertisements.

Among these we commend the Food Ministry's assistance to housewives by the publication of cookery hints, and the deft and clever series of advertisements recommending saving to all classes. The Squander Bug pictures must have been responsible for the saving of many millions of pounds.

Under the Editor's Table

LONDON dealers report that pianos are booming. Players should not thump so hard.

CORNER beef is now out of the ration. But still in the can.

A MAN says he likes a house with good grounds. Better keep a coffee plantation.

MANY Londoners want to change their tradesmen. The tradesmen haven't time to go away for a change.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a golf ball looks round when hit fair and square

SHORT socks are to stay. But they won't stay up.

THERE is a fraternal spirit among motorists. They are fast friends.

IN cases of real need beekeepers are allowed extra sugar. Beekeeping isn't all honey.

THE Nazis have tried several original methods of warfare. But they will end up on the beaten track.

GUARDING OUR HERITAGE

ONE of the healthiest signs of the times is the growing national consciousness that the most beautiful parts of England should be preserved in all their beauty for all time and for all the people.

Major A. H. Procter, M.P. for Accrington, has in a recent speech underlined his suggestion that the Lake District should be a National Park. "It should be on the public conscience of Great Britain," he said, "to bring such pressure to bear on Parliament that, instead of piecemeal action, the Windermere district should be maintained by the nation for the good of the

nation." It is a fine sentiment.

Major Procter is also anxious that Bowland, the rich moorland area between Clitheroe and Lancaster, with its great tracts of bracken, its glades and wide vistas, should become a recreational centre, where the people from the towns will always be able to "find paths and permission to walk in the fresh air and enjoy the scenery without disfiguring it and littering it."

There can be few people who will not support him. The National Trust has much of England's beauty in its keeping—the rest is in the keeping of the nation's conscience.

Electric Power For All

A VERY important industrial plan has just been recommended by the Electrical Power Engineers' Association, which asks for the establishment of a National Electricity Supply Board to serve the whole country.

There would not be a village, however remote, which could not be supplied with electrical power under such a scheme, for it seeks to make a single standard charge and method of service in place of the present higgledy-piggledy conditions. Costs of supply would be reduced everywhere, even in the cities, where they are

so much cheaper than in the countryside. Today electricity supplies are too costly for the countryman who needs them so badly, both for his work on the land and for his home.

It is all a matter of common-sense organisation and general goodwill, and the owners of existing electrical undertakings would be compensated fairly and without loss.

We think this is an idea which comes somewhat tardily, but by no means too late. It certainly ranks as an important post-war need. Without it many post-war plans would be neutralised.

CANADA WAS THERE

CANADA has been in this war right from the start, as Mr Churchill proudly acknowledged in his speech at Quebec the other day. The war effort of the Dominion by sea, land, and air, and in the production of food and munitions, is little short of marvellous. Canada is indeed a world-power.

Of the quality of Canada's fighting men the enemy could tell, but we prefer to have the opinion of our own General Montgomery. Monty recently spent a day visiting the Canadian

troops in Sicily and he told them that the entire Sicilian campaign hinged on the wheeling movement to the left flank of Mount Etna, which they had carried out successfully.

"If you had failed," said General Montgomery, "we should still be fighting in this island. But you handled yourself according to the best standards of my army in this very short, model little 39-day campaign."

There could be no higher praise. Canada, we salute you!

Shipping is the Spearhead

SIR ARTHUR SALTER, Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of War Transport, has pointed out that while in three recent months we sank about one submarine a day, thus improving the shipping position, the extra ships saved were not a surplus we could afford to use for luxuries. They must be regarded as the weapons of victory. He illustrated this by pointing out that a single cargo of petrol, carried by a single tanker, could drive 3000 army lorries 1000 miles each, or launch several big air attacks on enemy production centres.

In the months now ahead of us, all our transport resources will be strained to the utmost. The ship is the spearhead.

SILENT FRIENDS

Books are the greatest stand-by. They are friends who are always there, no matter where or how you are.

Vaughan Wilkins



Washing Day at a Wartime Nursery

YOUTH AT THE HELM

EVEN in these days when tales of gallantry at sea are as recurring as the tides, the story of three Merchant Navy apprentices, whose ship was torpedoed in the Atlantic, makes truly inspiring reading.

Within twelve minutes of the torpedo striking their ship she sank. In a heavy swell a twenty-one-year-old apprentice had superintended the launching of one of the ship's lifeboats and a raft, but fearing that even his additional weight might cause the overcrowded craft to be swamped, he refused to be taken on board. After swimming around in the water thick with oil, he clung for two hours to a floating hatch-cover before he was dragged exhausted on to the raft. But, alas, his self-denial cost him his life.

Another apprentice was swept overboard as the ship was sinking, but swam out to the lifeboat. There was no officer on board so this nineteen-year-old lad took command. The rescue of nine other survivors during the night brought his crew to thirty-eight, most of them Indians. Among those picked up was the third apprentice, suffering from severe

exposure after twelve hours on a raft. In spite of this he was at all times cheerful and considerate.

Without the strict discipline and routine which was set up, it is unlikely that any of the shipwrecked men would have survived. The ship's provisions and the emergency food carried in the boat, as well as the supply of water, were strictly rationed. Light-headedness, due to constant exposure, set in among the men, and hardly a day passed without a death. For seven long cruel days the boat was tossed like a cockleshell from wave to wave. On the eighth day it was sighted by British aircraft, and soon afterwards the seamen were picked up by a ship and taken safely into port.

It is not too much to say that but for the courage and inspiration of the two nineteen-year-old apprentices, one of whom had been torpedoed twice before, and the supreme sacrifice of their twenty-one-year-old companion, scarcely one of those shipwrecked men would have survived.

That is the spirit of the Merchant Navy! That is the Spirit of Youth!

A Man of Good Conscience

CONSCIENTIOUS objectors in this war have been of many kinds, some sincere, some more doubtful. But all have had a fair hearing, and we imagine there are but few cases where a genuine conscientious objector has not been dealt with generously by a tribunal.

Now comes the story of a very remarkable C.O., a Kingston man aged 26, formerly a Church Army preacher. Classified as a "conchie" in 1940, he was posted to a non-combatant unit, but volunteered to join the Royal Engineers on one condition.

What was that condition? He made an earnest request that he should be sent to a bomb-disposal squad, and this request was granted. But, this so-called "conchie" found things too quiet among the bombs, and he was in danger, he thought, of becoming bored. So he transferred to the paratroops, and is now serving with an R.A.M.C. airborne unit!

We hope he will now be satisfied with the risk of his job, and perhaps before long we shall hear very good news from the field of battle about this most unusual conscientious objector.

America By the Thames

In wartime London, as elsewhere in these islands, we are happy to have young Americans with us in their thousands. We hope they find us friendly, and feel at home in our midst. Many may feel much more at home after reading of the intimate ties which bind our capital to the United States, some of which are recorded here.

A CITIZEN of the United States can scarcely feel a foreigner in London; for there is much to remind him of his own country.

The very districts through which he passes must recall the map of America—for example, Bloomsbury, Marble Arch, Billingsgate, and Hyde Park, all of which are in America, where there are over half a dozen Westminster and as many Whitehalls. Oklahoma has its Peckham, New Hampshire its Bow, and America has at least three Poplars.

In the Abbey

No matter where an American travels in London he will find something which speaks of his own country. In the Law Courts he will see a statue of Sir William Blackstone, a gift from America.

Not far off is something else to stir him if he happens to know that of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence no fewer than seven were members of the Temple. Joseph Ball (George Washington's uncle) was a bencher of Gray's Inn; and the founder of Pennsylvania was admitted to Lincoln's Inn in 1664.

At Westminster our visitors may recall that many Americans have sat in our Parliament, and that the first woman to sit in our House of Commons was Lady Astor, born in Virginia.

In a window of St. Margaret's Church is Sir Walter Raleigh, founder of colonisation in America; and in Westminster Abbey are many reminders that England and America share a common heritage. Among our most famous poets is a bust of Longfellow, and in the Abbey is also a bust of James Russell Lowell. Yet another great American is honoured in the Abbey, Walter Hines Page, Ambassador in London during the last war. The Processional Cross on the Abbey Altar, an exquisite piece of craftsmanship, was the gift of Mr Wanamaker, and near the Unknown Warrior's Grave hangs a medal sent to England by the United States Congress.

In St Paul's

America is in St Paul's too, for there is the grave of Benjamin West, a bust of George Washington, and an inscription to Pilot Officer W. M. L. Fiske, the first American to die in this war.

Theodore Roosevelt, the 26th President, was married in St George's, Hanover Square, and another President is linked with all that remains of All Hallows near Tower Hill, where John Quincy Adams was married. At its font was baptised William Penn. Today Tubby Clayton, founder padre of Toc H, lives by the birthplace of William Penn.

Hampstead's parish church is dear to Americans for its bust of John Keats, the work of the American sculptor, Anne Whitney. The bust was given to England by America; and the house where Keats wrote some of his

immortal verse was bought by English and Americans. So did citizens of both countries join together to complete Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, its tower being unique for its Stars and Stripes.

Lincoln's statue at Westminster and Washington's in Trafalgar Square everybody knows. At the Royal Exchange stands a monument to that fine American George Peabody, who spent a fortune in giving London work-people better housing. In Southwark Cathedral is a memorial to John Harvard, born near by.

Go where we will in London, there is something of America close at hand. The founder of Georgia, General Oglethorpe, was baptised in St Martin-in-the-Fields. Captain John Smith lies in St Sepulchre's, Newgate Street.

The Mayflower

At Bush House are the great stone figures with clasped hands, and the inscription "To the Friendship of the English-Speaking Peoples," and this great pile itself was planned by Harvey Corbett of New York.

Chelsea is crowded with American associations. Henry James died at 21 Carlyle Mansions. In Cheyne Walk lived James McNeill Whistler, one of a group of American artists who became intimately linked with English art.

Look up at Liberty's, and there is a model of the Mayflower turning in the wind. Examine the massive doors of Imperial Chemical House and you may see the Mount Wilson telescope. Walk in Downing Street, and remember that it takes its name from a nephew of John Winthrop, Governor of Massachusetts.

The amazing Benjamin Franklin (described as America's most versatile sage) knew London like the palm of his hand. He lodged in Little Britain. He lived in Sardinia Street. He delighted in the hospitality shown him during his stay in Craven Street. He worked as a printer in one of the chapels of St Bartholomew's Church.

So we could go on till this paper was full of America in London. But we must end, and we remember that Oliver Wendell Holmes, after shaking hands with a skeleton at the Royal College of Surgeons, said that the hand of that skeleton "was the only one I held in England which had not a warm grasp and a hearty welcome in it."

The Missing Comma

Arthur Mee, who was once successful in getting a comma removed from a notice outside St James's Palace, would have delighted in the story we have just heard of a clerk in a sergeants' mess who entered the following item in the list of stores:

Stools, wooden sergeants, for the use of.

CARRY ON

CHINA'S PLACE

THE day has passed when the world can afford to think of cultural contact with China as meaning the purchase of bronzes, carved fans, and cloisonné for one's mantelpiece. The war has put China into the middle of the stream of world events, and she is there as an intelligent equal of the other powers who desire to work for the creation of a more just and democratic world.

Andrew T. Roy,
missionary at Chengtu

The Trumpets of the Day

UNSEEN resources of the universe

Cannot be fathomed by the mind of man;

Nor can inspired historians rehearse

How Britain fitted, in the past, God's plan.

An act of faith impelled us fight for right,

With hardly one lone pebble in our sling;

Knowing with God there is the Spirit's might

To lend to heavy earthborne freights a wing.

We will not flinch now in the tedious night,

For, one by one, the heralds of the morn

Are sounding forth the trumpets of the day;

We will have patience till the Nazi blight

Of all its potent virulence is shorn

And flowers of good have blossomed on our way.

T. Pittaway

THE BIBLE AN EDUCATION

I HAD an old master in my boyhood who taught us that the man who really knew his Bible was by that very fact an educated man. He did not mean the refinements of critical study, but knowing the Bible as a living book, the history, the wisdom, the poetry of an ancient people. Really to know it was in itself, he said, an education. I think he was right, and I think such knowledge is a training for any man in sound judgment.

A. T. S. J., in The Christian World

None Goes His Way Alone

THERE is a destiny that makes us brothers:

None goes his way alone:

All that we can send into the lives of others

Comes back into our own.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,

One thing holds firm and fast:

That into his fateful heap of days and deeds

The soul of a man is cast.

Edwin Markham

POPULARITY

I CANNOT see why people are ashamed to acknowledge their passion for popularity. The love of popularity is the love of being beloved.

William Shenstone

THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done, and the darkness

Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,

And a feeling of sadness comes
O'er me

That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,

And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heart-felt lay,

That shall soothe this restless
feeling,

And banish the thoughts of day.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured
volume

The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the
poet

The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with
music,

And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the
Arabs,

And as silently steal away.

Longfellow

What is the Good of It All?

WHAT is the good of a world like this? the cynic asks,

and the answer is that at least he is a cynic and not a gibbering

ape, and there is hope that he may grow into a reasoning man.

So the cave man, poor creature, battling with the elements, fighting the bear for his food, guarding his little ones from the wolf,

may have asked his unknown God, *What is the good of it all?*

So the poor witch may have asked, thrown into a pond to drown, or the poor woman burning alive in Smithfield because she believed and would not lie.

We have only to know a little about the history of the world to see how mad the question is,

and how complete the answer.

Has the movement of the world been good or bad? Only

an idiot doubts. Has Human Evolution been long or slow? It has been almost like a lightning flash compared with Nature's Evolution. Side by side with the unknown millions of years of preparation for it, civilised mankind is but an hour or two old. Through how many millions of years animal instincts were weaving themselves into the life of man we do not know: we know that but a few thousand have gone to crush them out of him. We know that in a few thousand years the savage creature of the wilds has changed into a Milton and a Florence Nightingale. We know that in this same few thousand years the brother of the wolf has become the faithful guardian of the child.

Arthur Mee

THE ONLY POWER

OR Lord, in your great Universe
Are suffering ones today.

It seems there are too many,
though,

For my small heart to say:
Please hold each sufferer in
your love

Close to your throne; or pray

Give each of us who sorrow now
More courage to believe

That, since You are all love and
health,

You will not we should grieve,
And he who seeks it here on
Earth

Your kingdom shall achieve.

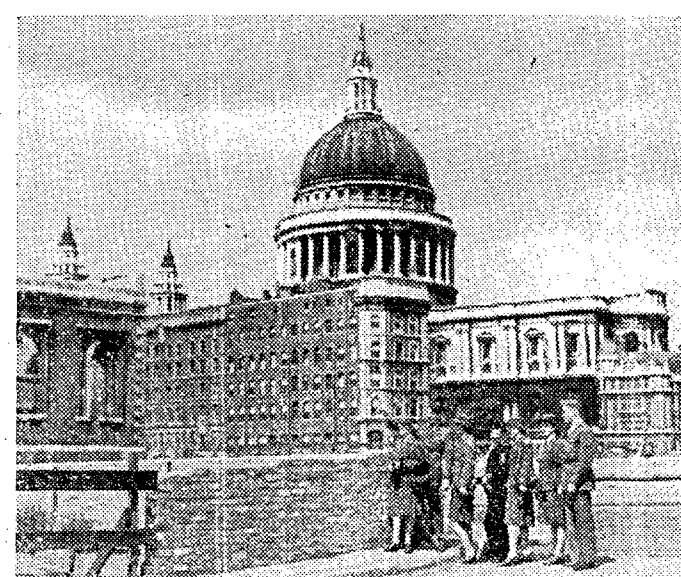
For You our Master are—alone,
So joy must be our dower,

And, lest our lives two masters
seek,

Help us within that hour
To know You as our only Lord,

And Love the only power.

Marjorie Wilson



THIS ENGLAND Men and women of the U S Forces sightseeing in blitzed London, 1943

LONDON STUDENTS ARE RETURNING

WE are pleased to hear that several of the evacuated schools and colleges of London University are returning to Town.

King's College is coming back from Bristol, giving the lead to a number of others. King's, in the Strand, shares with its rival of the past 100 years, University College, the seniority among the colleges of London University. Several of the medical schools of the University attached to the great hospitals and clinics of London are also returning. There are 19 of these medical schools, and they include very great centres of medical research, some of which have been back in Town for some time.

University College is not among those returning, because its fine and stately buildings in Gower Street, over 100 years old, were bombed not once, but time and time again. The Memorial Hall in Taverton Street was laid in ruins, then the Dome of the main building with its famous Mocatta Library of over 100,000 volumes, followed by further damage. It was the irony of fate that one of the most representative collections of German books in Europe should have been practically annihilated in the Mocatta Library.

Birkbeck College, in Brems Buildings, Chancery Lane, stoutly refused to move at all. Throughout the blitz it carried on, and was very lucky, all things considered. Lucky, we may add, in

having a gallant body of men and women students, who rose in their wrath on one terrible night when the big building next door was bombed, and by their bravery and devotion quenched the fire-bombs which were threatening their own classrooms and lecture-halls. One of these brave fire-fighters was a young Russian who has since laid down his life for his own land in the ranks of the Red Army.

Fellow-students at Birkbeck have commemorated this hero in a memorial tablet. Birkbeck College is almost as old, as an institution, as any of the colleges of London University, for it was one of our first working-men's institutes in the educational revival of 100 years ago. But it has only very recently become a College of London's University, the biggest University in the Kingdom, with 9000 internal and nearly 11,000 external students.

London University has 41 colleges and schools, which are always receiving new additions, and they spread far and wide, even in peacetime, from Esher, in Surrey, to Wye, in Kent. The war scattered them over England, and many of the students of today have never entered the London buildings of their colleges, not to mention their fine new University Building, our only real skyscraper.

Hitler Rebuilds a Synagogue

IN Ireland all the most topsyturvy things happen; and there is no denying that the case of the Dublin synagogue is topsyturvy enough, for it is the only one which Hitler has had to rebuild and pay for to the last penny after destroying it.

All over Europe lies the wreckage of Jewish places of worship, from tiny "chevras" or brotherhoods to magnificent examples of architectural beauty like the Great Synagogue in Amsterdam. From the Atlantic coast up to the Russian steppes, Hitler has deliberately burned down synagogues with fiendish glee, just because they were Jewish places of worship. What then must have been his annoyance to find, just about two years ago, that a substantial bill for synagogue rebuilding was likely to come his way?

For one night German airmen went wide of their target and dropped a packet of bombs on the capital of neutral Eire. There were many casualties, and one of the buildings destroyed was the synagogue.

The Fuehrer Apologises

The Chief Rabbi of Eire and the heads of the old-established Jewish community there at once took the matter up, and Mr de Valera supported them with an indignant protest to the Nazi envoy. He in his turn reported that it was no use ignoring or rejecting the protest, as the whole affair was very seriously damaging good relations between the two countries. The idea of good relations with Nazi Germany being desirable strikes us now as somewhat quaint, but at that time the Huns were so anxious not to disturb it that the German Legation in Dublin repeatedly stressed the matter with Berlin, until a personal apology came from Hitler himself, with the promise to pay the complete account for the rebuilding.

This has now been done, and the Dublin wits are already speaking of "Hitler's synagogue," and doubtless will continue to do so until he and his thugs have repaid to the last penny that other much vaster bill which is being relentlessly piled up against them.

There it is, then, Dublin's new synagogue, paid for by the biggest scoundrel and vandal and hypocrite in the whole world. Though we are glad that Dublin's Jews have had their house of worship restored, we think that its restoration by Hitler is one of the most nauseating incidents in that rogue's all too lengthy career.

100-Year-Old Sampler

There was a great raking out of old chests and drawers on the part of many people in order to give something to the New Zealand Air Force Relations for their gift auction in Wellington.

In one lot was a small sampler, with neatly worked lettering in cream silk on a ground of ivory white linen, which bore in the inscription the date of its creation, 1843. Nearby and neatly folded were half-a-dozen old cotton handkerchiefs, all "For a Good Child," with mid-Victorian nursery rhymes printed on them and illustrations of the people and animals referred to.

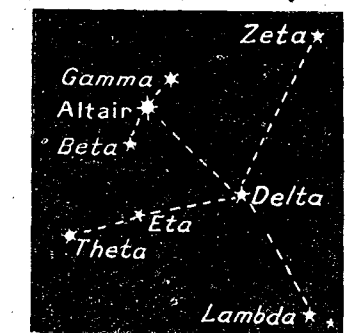
AQUILA AND ANTINOUS The Eagle and the Boy

AQUILA, the celestial Eagle, is now high in the southern heavens in the evening, writes the C N Astronomer, its chief stars being to the south of the other famous flying bird, Cygnus, the Swan. This was described in the C N for August 21. Aquila will be readily recognised from the star-map, Altair, its bright first-magnitude star, together with Gamma and Beta appearing almost in a straight line, being arranged somewhat similar to the stars of Orion's Belt.

The constellation of Aquila is of very great antiquity, having been traced to early Chaldean times. This doubtless accounts for its being represented as an eagle or vulture by the ancient Hebrews. The early Greeks, as usual, adapted this Eagle to their mythology and so it became the "Bird of Zeus" which carried away a beautiful Boy, Ganymedes, to serve as the god's cup-bearer. The story was adopted by the Romans, but Ganymedes

Sun it would appear only about half as wide again, but so intensely bright and hot that we should receive about nine times more light and heat. As Altair is approaching us at the average rate of 1500 miles a minute, it should appear brighter ages hence.

Gamma in Aquila, also known as Tarazed, is next in apparent brightness, though in actual or absolute brilliance it is about 14 times brighter than Altair and pours out 125 times more light and heat than our Sun, though its surface is not nearly so hot or bright as Altair or our Sun. The large amount radiated by Tarazed is due to the immensity of this sun, for it is a giant with a diameter of some 43 million miles. Its actual width is about 50 times greater than our Sun and were Tarazed as near it would completely cover the whole constellation of Aquila. However, Tarazed is about 9 million times farther off, its light taking 142 years to reach us.



does not appear on the Roman constellation-map by Geruvigus of 1700 years ago.

Late in the 16th century, however, Tycho Brahe introduced a Boy in the Eagle's talons, but this was another boy, Antinous, a historical character who was drowned in the Nile about 1800 years ago, much to the regret of the Roman Emperor Hadrian.

Antinous is now generally omitted from representations of Aquila on star-maps, but on celestial globes and older star-maps the Boy appears with his head represented by Beta while the stars Eta and Lambda, and numerous fainter ones between, represent his body.

Altair is of particular interest as being one of our Sun's nearest neighbours and only 16 light-years distant. This means that Altair is about 1,012,000 times farther away than our Sun. If Altair were in the place of our

Beta is a small sun similar to ours and only 42 light-years distant. Delta, at a distance of 60 light-years, radiates about 13 times more light than our Sun. Theta is of much greater interest though apparently no brighter, because it is composed of two suns; these are comparatively near together, the smaller sun revolving round their common centre of gravity in about 17 days and travelling at the average speed of 40 miles a second. These two suns radiate about 90 times more light than our Sun but from a distance of 155 light-years journey.

Zeta is a sun at a distance of 80 light-years and which radiates about 30 times as much light as ours. Zeta is known to have a companion body at a very great distance from it and which, as a world in the making, may revolve round it, but if so this would take at least 1000 years. G. F. M.

The Navy is Proud of Lord Louis

WHEN Lord Louis Mountbatten takes up his new post as Supreme Allied Commander in South-East Asia, with the intention of smashing the Japs, he will take the enthusiastic affection and good wishes of the whole British Navy with him. Our sailors do not forget the commander who made history—including film history—in the gallant destroyer Kelly. And when the King's brave and brilliant cousin, Chief of Combined Operations, landed on Sicilian shores clad in a pullover and shorts to see for himself just how that particular combined operation was working out seamen who saw him said it was just like him.

For Lord Louis, though a disciplinarian, is no advocate of what is vulgarly called "spit-and-polish." If a sailor has a job to do and needs to be at ease while doing it, this fine young commander does not expect the man to worry about anything but the

task in hand. In this, as in all else, the King's cousin shows a royal concern for the comfort and well-being of his men which has made him one of the most loved of all our great sea chiefs today. As Chief of Combined Operations Lord Louis is, in the Prime Minister's words, "a complete triphibian, that is to say, a creature equally at home in three elements—earth, air, and water."

Lord Louis is a quiet sort of man, with a most winning and attractive smile and a rare gift of humour. He reserves such speeches as he makes for the hour of contact with the enemy. And Lord Louis' idea in that respect is that a British seaman must get at the enemy any time of the day or night, wherever he can find him, no matter what the odds, as often and as conclusively as possible.

There was a quiet little sailor who had just that same idea 150 years ago—Horatio Nelson.

BEDTIME CORNER Aunt Jennie's Knitting

MONA thought Aunt Jennie very dull. She didn't talk about anything that Mona cared about and she was always knitting!

One day when Mother was about to go to Town the sitting-room door opened and Mona burst in.

"I've dropped Muriel," she cried, "and cracked a piece out of her neck!" And she burst into tears.

Muriel was a china doll, and Mona's favourite.

"Oh dear," said Mother, "that is a pity! But don't cry. I have some wonderful stuff for mending china. When I come home tonight I will see what I can do."

Mona walked slowly and sadly out into the garden.

Lying on the seat was Aunt Jennie's knitting—a half-finished sock, a ball of wool, and two long needles.

Naughty Mona picked up the knitting—so carelessly that the ball of wool rolled

down on the ground, and Jack the puppy pounced on it and tore it to pieces.

Laughing loudly and running with her head turned over her shoulder, Mona did not see Aunt Jennie till she bumped right into her.

Aunt Jennie was smiling and holding something out in her hand. It was Muriel.

"When it's dry you will hardly be able to see the join," she said.

Mona didn't answer. She was looking down at the tangle of wool on the ground.

Aunt Jennie looked, too—and, to Mona's surprise, bent down and kissed her.

"Never mind," she said, "I can soon do it again."

Mona flung her arms round her auntie's neck.

"You are a darling!" she cried. "If only you would always look like that I shouldn't be so horrid."

"If only you will love me," Auntie replied, "I shall."



The Children's Newspaper, September 18, 1943

The Lovely Brenner Pass

ONE of the loveliest corners of what was once Austria and is now Italy is already well in the news, and will be perhaps the high light in the news before long. This is the Brenner Pass, which divides Italy from Greater Germany and is Hitler's only main road through the Alps if he is not to violate Swiss neutrality. Fortresses flying from North Africa have attacked the railway line at Bolzano leading up to the Brenner Pass.

Hitler's generals have already established their forward headquarters at Bolzano, which used to be called Bozen before it passed from Austrian into Italian hands, with a goodly slice of its glorious surrounding country, at the end of the last war. This lovely little town never became really Italian even after the uneasy peace of 1919 made it so. Its inhabitants were German-speaking Austrians of a very fine type, magnificent physical specimens, and highly intelligent. In fact, they were some of the best stock in Europe, good farmers, good citizens, good neighbours, and their homeland had been for generations a favourite holiday playground, particularly for British tourists.

The marvellous Dolomites, those strange red peaks with their needle-points, the charming valleys, the noble hillsides draped with clustering vines, the fruitful fields and orchards, the sleek and shining cattle, the flowers and the woodland glades—yes, and the smiling, friendly faces of the Tyrolean people, all made for delight, as we saw in that gracious play, "Autumn Crocus." There was no difference which mattered between the Austrian and the

Italian sides of this part of the Tyrol, though there was, of course, an Italian element in that portion of the country which, under the name of the Trentino, was given to the Italians.

But most of the Italians lived elsewhere in the Trentino; there were few in Bozen, and to change its name to Bolzano was rather absurd, for it did not change the nature of the inhabitants. The 300,000 Austrians resented the attempts of the Bullfrog in Rome to make them speak Italian instead of German in their schools, take away the German inscriptions on their public buildings, in their streets, and even from their tombstones, and forget all their long centuries of Austrian folk-lore, literature, customs, and allegiance.

Ignored by Hitler

These good Austrians looked to Hitler to free them when his word became law throughout Central Europe. When Hitler invaded Austria, however, he would not invade the only part of former Austria, where the people were waiting to be saved from becoming enforced Italians. It did not suit him to have any difference with the Duce over a mere 300,000 Austrians.

Mussolini knew this, and continued with his repression. He sent Austrian Tyrolese into his armies, and we may well judge, from their record in this war, that they were among the best troops he had. Now Mussolini is gone, and the Germans are in Bolzano.

The lovely, little green stream of the Eisach, which tumbles through the mountain valley and the streets of Bolzano on its way to join the more spacious Adige, now has German mechanised forces lining its banks. The quaint white streets of the little town resound to the tramp of armed men. The peaceful, sturdy townsfolk, and the farmers and cottagers high up beyond the steep funicular railway which runs into the red heart of the Dolomites, will find themselves caught up in the ghastly maelstrom of total war. Such will be the gift that Hitler brings them. These people are Austrians, and they hated Mussolini. But we think they will have more cause soon to hate Hitler.

Growth of British Restaurants

The British Restaurants were started in 1942, and by July of that year there were 1681 of them, serving 472,000 meals daily. At the end of July this year they had increased to 2144, serving over 600,000 meals a day. The total is made up of 1555 under the Ministry of Food, 245 run by the LCC, 176 worked by local authorities, 69 organised voluntarily, and 99 school canteens which also serve the public.

The Ministry of Food states that only three towns with a population of over 50,000 are without a British restaurant.

LIGHTING-UP IN DAYLIGHT

AN Empire pioneer was much interested the other day when reading how car-drivers in Berlin had been compelled to light up in mid-morning in order to see through the smoke in the streets after an FFAF raid.

The news took him back to Nigeria, where twenty years of his life have been passed.

Nigeria has two rainy seasons each year, and that which they know as the tornado time brings rain such as we in this country can scarcely comprehend. Many a time, he says, he has been forced, when caught in one of these storms, to switch on his car headlights before noon in the attempt to see his way through the rain, which, falling as in a cataract, looks like a sheet of solid glass that only the light of powerful lamps will penetrate. Wide, open drains carry off these deluges from Lagos, the capital, an excellent provision, but, unfortunately one that mosquitoes revel in, and the result is malaria for people who do not make their rooms mosquito-proof at night.

Compensation for climate and its consequences comes to Nigerian Government officials in the form of three months of rest in salubrious climes for every year of servitude in the laundry-like atmosphere of this great Protectorate.

His Greatest Test

All Englishmen have mourned the passing of Hedley Verity, who was mortally wounded during the Sicilian campaign after serving for three years in the Middle East.

A great Yorkshire cricketer, and a sportsman in the highest sense of the term, Captain Verity won many laurels playing both for his native county and for his country. Some of his bowling feats were remarkable and may never be surpassed. In 1931 he took all 10 Warwickshire wickets in an innings for 36 runs, and in 1932 did even better by taking all 10 Nottinghamshire wickets for only 10 runs. In 1934 he took 15 Australian wickets in a match at Lord's, a performance equalled in the history of Test Cricket only by his fellow Yorkshireman, Rhodes.

Now he has bowled his last over. Verity played with distinction for England in 40 Test matches, and in the Greatest Test he fought and died for her.

ICE CREAM FROM THE AIR

Baling out over some of the wildest jungle country in the Far East, a party of Allied task troops may by now have reached safety. In the meantime, as they have struggled through the savage and steaming uplands and valleys, they have been receiving supplies by air of the most amazing kind.

Allied planes have kept constant touch with the party, and the "flying grocery shop," as the adventurers call their supply tender of the air, has been feeding them in sheer luxury. Here is a specimen meal dropped from the skies, with all the hot dishes arriving really hot: Fried chicken, creamed potatoes, giblet gravy, creamed corn, string beans, hot rolls, jam and butter, coffee, cake, and ice-cream.

Where Young America Governs Itself

AT a time when Britain's educational future is being reshaped America reminds us of the Junior Republics with which her educationists have experimented.

One near Freeville in New York State covers 550 acres of farmlands and woods, and is known as the George Junior Republic, after William George who started the idea. Here 140 Junior Citizens learn to live as well as get their book and technical learning. William George's idea was self-support and self-government among youngsters.

The whole "town" is student-controlled. The young people constituting the present administration and townsfolk have come from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Missouri, and Nebraska. They have their own President; they collect taxes, hold court, work their own farms, repair buildings, run offices, keep house, and carry on manifold other activities in the interests of good citizenship, besides going to school.

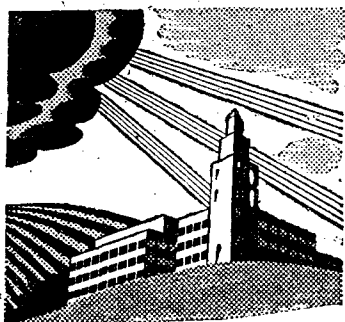
The citizens come from all walks of life and represent various races and religions. Aged 14 to 21, they are residents of the Republic at the request of their parents or on scholarships provided by voluntary contributions. Sometimes they come from broken homes and reside for the full four-year course in the Hunt Memorial School in the grounds, taking part with the others in the earn-while-you-learn plan. For, while working at their various jobs, the citizens receive payment in token currency, redeemable later in American money.

A recent change is the realistic experience in family life afforded to the girl citizens studying home economics. They now live, four together, in a special cottage for six weeks. Each girl in turn is "head" of the family; planning, cooking, and serving meals; marketing within a carefully figured budget; keeping accounts; managing household affairs; and acting as hostess for dinner guests and callers. The girls make their own curtains and chair-covers, practising simple home-decoration.

Laws are made at the town meetings and enforced by peace officers. The offices of President, Vice-President, and so on are filled by hard-fought two-party elections. Occasionally a third party arises in revolt. The heads of the various departments, such as the print shop, are called employers and given the right to "fire" unsatisfactory employees, who are obliged to find other employment or be arrested as "vagrants" and tried in court.

With the adults of the Republic acting as guides, employers, house mothers, social workers, and a chaplain, every effort has been made to make this miniature town function like an average adult community.

In this way young American citizens are learning to live and learn at the same time, so that when they reach 21 and become voters they may be responsible and intelligent in their duties.



POST-WAR PROSPERITY—

THE TRUE FOUNDATION
MOST of us are thinking a good deal about the sort of world we are going to have after the war. We have made up our minds that it has got to be a better world.

One of our best hopes for the future lies in the splendid state of the country's health under the stress and strain of war.

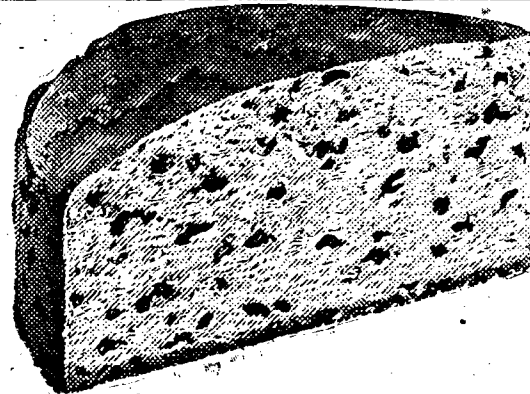
Generally, the health of the people is sounder than it was in pre-war days.

'Milk of Magnesia' has done its bit in helping the worker and the fighter to stay on the job. By stopping small digestive troubles becoming big ones, it has saved the country many thousands of working hours.

And so also in the Peace to come, 'Milk of Magnesia' will be playing its part in keeping us well. We all want prosperity and to secure it we have got to be fit. Remember, health counts most.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

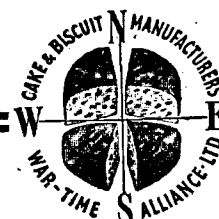
'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia



YOUR PIECE OF CAKE

Your piece of cake is a pleasant, wholesome change in wartime eating and serves an important purpose in its dietetic values. So cake is promoted to an important food for a nation at war. And that is why, even in these difficult days, producers are doing their utmost to ensure regular supplies of cake and flour confectionery at your canteen or local shop.

Remember that supplies are limited, so don't buy more than your share.



THE BRAN TUB

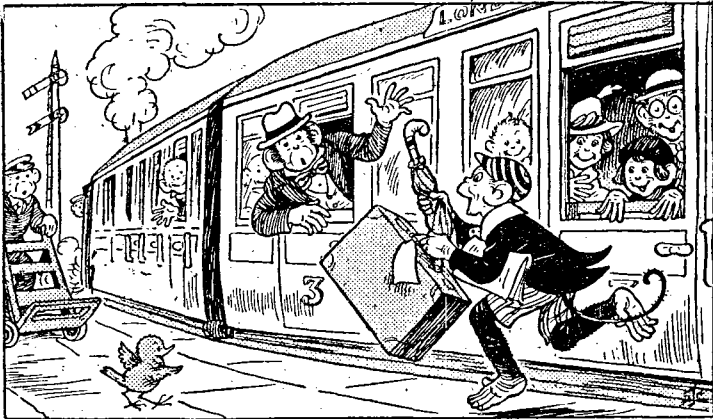
HELPFUL

HE was not at all sure of his whereabouts, so when he saw an old yokel where the roads forked he sought information. "Where do these roads lead, gaffer?" he asked. "That there road just goes on, and this one runs by my cottage," was the reply.

Disappearing Dentist

A DISTINGUISHED old dentist of Dover was known in the town as a rover. One fine afternoon He went roving, and soon Reached the edge of the cliff and went over!

Father Jacko Forgets



"GOOD-BYE, Father," yelled Jacko, as the train began to move off. "Don't forget that bag—" What Jacko was going to say was interrupted, for just then he caught sight of quite another kind of bag. It was Father's suit-case, and his umbrella, and paper as well—all forgotten and left behind on the platform! Grabbing them, Jacko sprinted after the train, thrust them into Father's anxious hands, and finished his sentence, "—of sweets," he gasped. And then, as the train disappeared from view Jacko had a most disturbing thought. "I'll bet Dad's left his personal points at home," he said.

The Sperm Whale

THE jawbone of a sperm whale may be 20 feet long. Ambergris is found only in the head of the sperm whale. Although the sperm whale may be 70 feet long its brains are no bigger than those of a bull. One of the largest sperm whales ever caught weighed 150 tons, as much as five elephants.

An Arithmetical Teaser

CAN you arrange the digits 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0 in such a way that they form a sum equal to 1?

Answer next week

Suits child or adult

Here's a laxative for young or old, for the strong or the delicate. Lixen is thoroughly effective in action and, at the same time, so gentle as to be quite safe even for children. Made from senna pods, Lixen doesn't 'gripe' or irritate. And it is pleasant to take!

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 2/3, 3/11.

Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, in bottles, 1/8.

Purchase Tax Incl.

Made in England by Allen & Hanbury Ltd.

LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED

Laxative

L50

TO DRAIN A POT

WHEN house plants languish and, perhaps, even die, it is usually because the drainage in the pot is faulty. The correct way is to choose a curved piece of broken pot and place this over the hole at the bottom.

Then arrange a layer of crocks over this piece. Add a few lumps of fairly hard soil, fill in the potting mould and insert the plant, which should then grow well, for the good drainage will keep the soil sweet and wholesome.

An Amusing Catch

TRY this on a friend. Tell him that he cannot put his hand on the top of his head and say the short way of writing the word "Mount." If he does not understand write down "Mt," which is, of course, short for mount. Then your friend is sure to start touching his head and saying "Mt," which will give you the opportunity to remark, "Fancy your head being empty!"

The Crack Across Africa

STRETCHING for 5000 miles in Asia and Africa is an immense crack in the Earth's surface called the Great Rift Valley, quite the most remarkable thing of its kind.

Beginning in northern Palestine, it ends in Portuguese Africa, and it is easy to follow its course on the map through the lakes and seas that lie in its bed. First of all come the Sea of Galilee, with the Dead Sea and the Red Sea; and then we can trace its path through Africa by means of the great lakes, Victoria, Tanganyika, and Nyasa.

It must have been formed in a tremendous upheaval of the Earth's crust, perhaps in that great disturbance which lifted Tibet 11,000 feet above the sea.

Other Worlds

IN the evening Mars is in the east. In the morning Saturn is in the south-west and Jupiter is low in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 10 p.m. on Wednesday, September 15.



Fill in the Missing Words

HERE is a verse with five missing words. Each of the spaces can be filled with a word made up of four letters, and in every case the same letters can be used. What are they?

A — old woman on — bent,
Put on her — and away she went;
To her son — she did say,
"What shall we do to — this day?"

Answer next week

The Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts for Wednesday, September 15, to Tuesday, September 21.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Flying Instructor; a tribute to the men who train our Air Crews, written and produced by Peter Watts; followed by Letters in the Sand, by Laurens Sargent—No. 7, Yodh and Kaph.

THURSDAY, 5.20 The Valley of Om, an adventure-serial by Marjorie Wynn-Williams—No. 3, The Country of the Orang-utan.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Sam's Pig's Egg, a story by Alison Uttley, told by Mac; followed with songs by Sin-

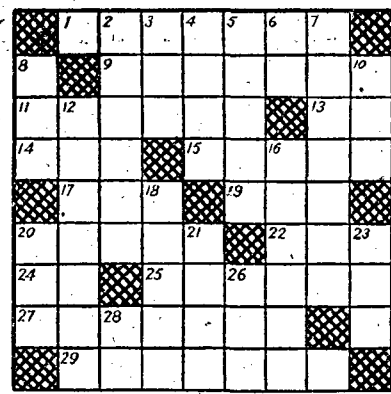
clair Logan; and a talk by Squadron Leader John Strachey.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Finn the Red, a play.

SUNDAY, 5.20 Domine Greenfields, by Ida Rowe, a programme about the childhood of James Hogg, the shepherd poet.

MONDAY, 5.20 The Duchess of Houndsditch, a story by Barbara Sleight; followed by Music at Random, by Helen Henschel—Tunes that Tickle.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Regional Round: Once again teams of children will compete in answering questions posed by Mac.



Asterisks indicate abbreviations.

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across: 1 A rain-bearing wind. 9 A cordial flavoured with almond, cherry, or other fruit; also a tiny biscuit. 11 Fruits of the vine. 13 Grannie. 14 Obtain. 15 A gnat. 17 A high pointed rock. 19 Vast expanse of salt water. 20 One who procures the temporary use of something for cash. 22 To lament. 24 Edwardus Rex. 25 The face of an edifice. 27 Furnished with a new lining. 29 The fourth "teen."

Reading Down: 2 A public speaker. 3 A short sleep. 4 To check. 5 Fertile place in the desert. 6 A preposition. 7 A parsimonious person. 8 To urge on. 10 Is plural. 12 Withdraws. 16 An aggregate of ten years. 18 To re-establish. 20 A pronoun. 21 To rave in extravagant language. 23 Affirmative. 26 Spell the third letter. 28 Light infantry.

Answer next week

Keeping At It

A CERTAIN old fellow of Dorking Kept walking and walking and walking. His wife made a fuss And got in a bus, And kept talking and talking and talking.

A FITTING EPITAPH

THERE can rarely have been a more fitting epitaph than that of Sir Christopher Wren in St Paul's Cathedral. It is inscribed in Latin and means, "if you seek his monument, look around."

The Bandage Clue



Which leads the THREE MUSTARDEERS again to the Man with the Twisted Finger

THE Mustardeers, asleep on the bank of the stream, would not have seen the man who crept past them—if he hadn't placed his hand on a bit of jagged glass. As his yelp of pain woke them, he leapt up and ran. "It's an escaped German prisoner," yelled Jim. And away they dashed after him. Climbing a fence, the German hid in the dense wood beyond. And though they made a long search, they found no trace of him except heavy bloodstains on the fence. So they decided that the best thing to do was to report the matter to P.C. Venables, the village constable. And that is what they did.

That evening Venables told Pollard, the landlord of the "Red Cow," that soldiers were coming to search, and immediately Venables left, Pollard phoned a long-distance number. "About that Rhine wine that arrived to-day. You'd better hurry. Other people are after it. Right, I'll keep it safe till you come." That night, a Lt. Gibbs arrived with a party of soldiers. Next morning, staying at the "Red Cow" he had a visitor. "I'm Major Ames, Lieutenant. H.Q. have put me in charge. I want you to move your men to Fallowdene at once. Our man's been seen there. I'll stay here for reports."

When the Mustardeers went to the "Red Cow" to see Lt. Gibbs, the landlord told them the hunt was finished. But Roger saw a tweed-clad figure in the passage behind the bar. "I see you have a visitor," he exclaimed. The landlord frowned. "My nephew," he answered. "Hurt his hand?" asked Roger. Again the landlord frowned. "Yes, cut it on munitions. That's why he's got a bit of a holiday."

Outside, Roger could not conceal his excitement. "Remember all that blood on the fence?" he asked. "Now, when an artery in the hand is severed, it bleeds a lot, gushes out. And you bandage it just as Pollard's nephew's hand is bandaged."

Soon they were back at the "Red Cow" with Venables. But Major Ames told them he was satisfied about the nephew. "But," he said, as the Mustardeers were leaving, "I'd like a word with you." And, as he beckoned, Roger saw—a twisted little finger!



"Come on, chaps, here's our old enemy."

Major Ames drew his revolver. "Put up your hands!" he snarled. "You interfere again with my plans. Right. Then this, I think, is our last encounter." But Jim's mind worked quickly. "Go on, Lt. Gibbs, shoot!" he yelled. Twisty turned to face a supposed assailant, and in that unguarded moment Jim sprang at him. Down the pair went, the revolver slipping away under a settee. Roger jumped to help Jim. Venables knocked out the landlord, who, leaping into the fight, had helped Twisty to get to his feet. "Klein," yelled Twisty, "get the motor cycle to the front." For a moment, the supposed nephew showed himself. Then he dashed out, and soon a motor cycle was chugging at the inn door. Battling to the door, Twisty sprang out and on to the seat of the motor cycle, Klein getting up behind. They swept away with a roar as the Mustardeers and Venables poured out of the inn. Mary handed Twisty's revolver to the constable. He brought Klein down, but though he emptied the magazine he failed to hit Twisty.

A military escort was sent for Pollard and Klein, and soon the latter was back in his "cage." And at the trial of Pollard, the innkeeper was proved to have been one of Germany's master spies.

SAID Jim: "It didn't seem possible, as the munition worker said when he left his cold in the mustard bath."

THE MUSTARDEERS' OATH

We will have mustard whenever we can get it. It makes good food taste better. It helps us to keep healthy and strong. We will have Mustard—

Colman's Mustard

